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## Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.

[From the London Daily Telegraph.]

The present Niederrheinische Musikfest is the forty-eighth of a series celebrated in rotation at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf, after the fashion which obtains with our own Festival of the Three Choirs. During near upon half a century of its existence, the institution has made for itself a history of no mean interest; thanks to the production of eminent works, and the co-operation of eminent workers. Upon that history, however, I must not venture to touch. Enough that the Niederrheinische Musikverein is distinguished even among the art associations of Germany for what has already been accomplished, and for the sustained energy which, year by year, marks its operations. The managing committee includes General von Frankenberg, the Governor of Cologne, and such representative men as the Oberbürgermeister, the Polizeipräsident, Capellmeister Hiller, and Franz Weber, the cathedral organist; while the executive force, numbering in all 762, is made up of contingents from some thirty towns, among them being Berlin, Dresden, Hanover, Amsterdam, and Brussels. The soloists are Frau Bellingrath-Wagner, Frau Amalie Joachim, Fräulein Schwarzkopf, Herr Gunz, Herr Stockhausen, and Herr Joachim; with Concertmeister Japha of Cologne as "leader," Herr Weber as the organist, and Dr. Hiller as supreme director and conductor. Known as most of these names are in England, and well understood as is the efficiency of a German orchestra and chorus, it must be evident that here are the materials of an *ensemble* such as only rare occasions present in England. Turning to the programme, we find that, unlike the schemes of our own festivals, which aim to give as much as possible in the time at command, only three concerts are arranged, to take place on consecutive evenings; the mornings being devoted to those careful rehearsals which are the secret of Teutonic efficiency. The contents of the programme will appear in due course; but I must at once express a natural surprise at the almost entire absence from it of the name of the German composer whom, next to Handel, the English people hold in highest honor. Bach, Handel, Gluck, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Hiller, Gade, and even Reinecke are more or less conspicuous; but Mendelssohn, the author of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, is represented only by one of his smallest Lieder, at the far end of the last concert. This can probably be explained; but no explanation that has reached me is at all sufficient to account for what seems a deliberate slight.

Such gloomy forebodings as may have been excited by torrents of rain on Friday and Saturday were dispelled by the brilliant sun and cloudless sky of Sunday morning. The town, the river, and the adjacent country afforded a most bright and attractive spectacle. The population "descended" into the streets with one accord and with an aspect of grave enjoyment. Both fronts of the Gürzenich broke out into flags of many hues, and, generally, everything put itself into harmony with the occasion. Business began—so far, at least, as concerned many—with a reception by Capellmeister Hiller, at the unconscionable hour of half-past nine in the morning. It is needless to say that the rooms were crowded, or that the gathering was one of mark. Musically speaking, "everybody" put in an appearance, anxious to honor the distinguished host and the festival of which he is the head. There might be seen the honest, earnest face of Joseph Joachim, who had travelled all night from Berlin to be present; Leopold Auer, if I mistake not, was also among the crowd, as certainly were Carl Reinecke, M. Gevaert, from Brussels, Dr. Gunz, Herr Stockhausen, and others not unknown in English concert-rooms. Nor was England without representatives—though the reputation of our fair countrywomen, to whom Cologne is a musical *Alma Mater*, lies as yet in the future. The *reunion* began early; early it broke up; and at the before mentioned hour of six p.m. the first concert of the festival commenced.

Punctuality is not among the virtues of German concert managers. They wait the convenience of the audience with a determination which would horrify Sir Michael Costa—to begin half an hour after the appointed time being looked upon as the most natural thing in the world. Happily, the public do not

seem to take advantage of this accommodating spirit by demanding an extra grace. At all events, they did not sit last night; for within the half-hour the Gürzenich became comfortably full, and Dr. Hiller, seeing that all were ready, mounted to his lofty perch amid considerable applause, and started an overture composed for the Festival by Carl Reinecke. I do not think this *pièce d'occasion* will much enhance the Leipzig professor's reputation. It begins well, with some attractive passages for "wind" and "string" in alternation; while a second subject, which appears in due course, has also merit. But no sooner does Herr Reinecke introduce the first phrase of "See the conquering hero," than he degenerates into sheer and absolute weakness, which becomes almost ludicrous when "Ein' feiste Burg" is combined with Handel's theme. The scramble among the various subjects thus brought together is exceedingly droll; but I question whether Herr Reinecke intended his music as a source of amusement. Of course, the patriotic feeling suggested met with a hearty response, and the Leipzig Capellmeister was called to the platform in German fashion amid the roll of drums and blare of trumpets. After the overture certain Herr Rittershaus took Dr. Hiller's place, and recited a poem of his own composition bearing upon recent events. Not being a professed critic of German poetry, I will not risk doing Herr Rittershaus an injustice, and only say that his effusion was very long. Whether the audience enjoyed it is doubtful. They listened in solemn silence to the end, and then applauded either with the applause of relief or of approval.

Sebastian Bach's cantata, "Ein' feiste Burg," soon dispelled the gloom engendered by Herr Rittershaus, and brought home to every one present what a king of musicians was the solid, God-fearing old Cantor. The first chorus, with its masterly contrapuntal elaboration, through which the theme of the well known tune weaves its way, in the orchestra, like a thread of silver; the second chorus, in which the positions are reversed, and the chorale is thundered out in unison against an entirely different Orchesterstück; the beautiful duet for contralto and tenor, with obbligati for viol de gamba (clarinet) and violin; and the final chorale, which is simply "Ein' feiste Burg" in plain, full harmony—all these things made a profound impression, and marked the cantata as among the noblest sacred works of its illustrious author. The solo passages were sung by Frau Bellingrath, Frau Joachim, and Dr. Gunz.

Gluck's overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis* was then played; and after it, came "Israel's Siegesgesang," a hymn for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed in honor of the German victories, and the peace they conquered, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. All the words are taken from the Bible. Dr. Hiller's hymn is in seven movements, of which three are choruses, the others a combination of solo and chorus. It is written throughout with deep feeling for the subject; and with a masterly ease, as well as breadth of style, to which the veteran composer does not invariably attain. Among the striking examples of merit almost reaching the dignity of genius, I may cite a beautiful solo and chorus, "Preise Jerusalem deinen Herrn;" an elaborate and largely developed chorus, "Die Heiden sind versunken in der Grabe;" passages of great power in a solo, "Siehe, es steht geschrieben;" and charmingly melodious chorus of women, with solo, "Die mit Thränen säen." In these things Dr. Hiller appears as a master of his art; and, if there be passages, as in the final chorus, which make a less favorable impression, they are comparatively so few that they count for little. The verdict of the audience was unanimous, and Dr. Hiller was saluted at the close of his work, with the heartiest applause; the drums and trumpets of the orchestra joining in. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony closed the concert; but I shall reserve my remarks upon its performance until it may be possible to estimate, after larger experience, the capacity of this model German orchestra.

The second night's concert was devoted to Handel's *Joshua*, one of several oratorios by the great master which are unaccountably and undeservedly neglected among the people for which they were written. The choice of this work was dictated by an assumed applicability to the present circumstances of the German nation; and it might be unfair to charge those who made the application with presumption in

comparing Kaiser Wilhelm to Joshua, his armies to the Heaven favored hosts of Israel, and Paris to the Jericho of the heathen. Such things are done in all countries with surprising complacency, and are universally allowed to pass. Did not Handel write *Judas Maccabaeus* in honor of "Butcher" Cumberland, and run the coronation of Solomon in parallel lines with the enthronement of his late Majesty, George II.? Does not M. Gounod, in his *Gallia*, compare Paris with Jerusalem; and does not Dr. Hiller, in the cantata just produced at Cologne, identify the German cause with that of the "chosen people?" It would plainly be absurd to distinguish between things that do not differ; while it is as well, perhaps, to have in the varying fortunes of ancient Israel a means of representing the ups and downs of modern powers, without risking offensive personalities.

We English are accustomed to congratulate ourselves upon the possession and preservation of Handelian traditions, and to suppose that the mighty master's works are best understood by those for whom they were written. In support of this belief there is, unquestionably, a good *primâ facie* case. But, after last night's experience, I am disposed to believe that the genuine Handelian idea remains with the country which gave the composer birth. It would be easy to find plausible reasons for such a state of things; and to say, for example, that with us, Handel has been practically at the mercy, during many years, of a *chef d'orchestre* trained in a different school, and foreign to our native sympathy with the master's music. But no reasons can alter the fact that, assuming last night's performance to be representative of German methods, Handel is more reverently treated here than among ourselves. The execution of *Joshua* was from first to last marked by a carefulness worthy of the highest praise. Nowhere was the slightest hurry apparent; songs and choruses being alike taken in what would appear, to an English audience, slow time, but which, I believe, approximates to the composer's idea, as it certainly increases the musical impression of his work. Could Handel come to life again, he would repudiate the tendency to increased speed shown by English conductors. His choruses, admitting of broad and massive effect, require deliberate execution, while the prevalent English mode of scrambling through the recitatives, as compared with their emphatic declamation in Germany, only shows that Handel was less ill-advised than we generally believe when he filled so many pages with mere narrative. It was a pleasure, rather than a "bore," to hear the recitatives of the *Joshua* enunciated as they were last night, and accompanied, not by the offensive *arpeggios* of a violoncello, but by sustained chords from all the bass "strings." Thus rendered, no excuse was given for impatiently anticipating the next aria or chorus, according to the accepted English practice; or for treating the historical part of the work as a disagreeable necessity, which had to be endured rather than enjoyed.

Another special feature appeared in the extreme modesty, but with adequate effect of the extra accompaniments written by Herr Julius Rietz. No doubt the example of Mozart, when filling up the "score" of the *Messiah*, works badly, because it encouraged others to do, without his genius, what only genius such as his makes allowable. Hence there are reconstructed Handelian scores which the master would fling into the fire as insulting to his music, and contemptuous of himself. Herr Rietz is not a Mozart, and has refrained from Mozartian liberties, being satisfied to supply that "padding" which gives solidity without attracting special observation. A similar remark applies to the organ part as arranged and played by Herr Weber, the Dom-organist; though, had the space available for the Gürzenich instrument allowed of a 32-foot diapason, that stop might have been used with manifest advantage.

In speaking of the performance, I can hardly refrain from observations with regard to the capacity of the orchestra and chorus; though my intention was to reserve them for a concluding letter. Since, however, the Choral Symphony and *Joshua* have supplied all necessary data, it may be as well to dismiss the topic at once. The chorus is thus made up—sopranos, 192; contraltos, 182; tenors, 111; basses, 139; and, regarding these numbers, attention should be called to the formidable array of contraltos, whose

young fresh voices give a usually over-weighted part just the prominence necessary to a perfect balance. The quality of tone is generally good—best in the case of the sopranos, least excellent in that of the tenors, who sing with characteristic German "throatiness." Of the contraltos I have just spoken; and the basses, if a shade rough, are remarkable for volume and depth of tone. The choral music throughout *Joshua* was simply admirable in its precision and well-marked degrees of power, every point being taken up, not by a few leaders, but as with one consent by the entire mass. It was, however, in Beethoven's symphony that the chorus made the greatest and most abiding impression. No amateur needs to be told what are the difficulties of the "Ode to Joy," since even concert-goers, who never studied them in print, must know them by repeated disastrous failures in performance. But to listen to the Cologne chorus was to have belief in those difficulties shaken; and, what is more, to gain an idea of Beethoven's purpose, and the grandeur of his conception, such as nothing else could give. How great was the amount of skill and culture represented by this one effort, those who best know the work may best conceive. I cannot dismiss the choir without referring to the low average of age amongst its members. Nearly all—and this is especially the case with regard to the ladies, are in the full vigor of youth; and the result, one unhappily rare with us, is apparent in the bright ringing tone which only youth can secure.

Turning now to the orchestra, I find it composed of violins, 44; violas, 19; violoncellos, 21; double basses, 14; with 4 oboes, 4 flutes, 4 clarinets, 3 bassoons, 5 horns, 3 trumpets, and the usual complement of trombones and "percussion," making altogether 131 instruments. This unquestionably heavy force is not of equal merit throughout; for, though the "strings" are nearly all that the most exacting could desire, the "wind" is, by comparison, wanting in both quality of tone and executive skill. As might be supposed, this source of weakness told against what would otherwise have been a perfect rendering of Beethoven's colossal symphony, and, in fact, brought the average merit of its orchestral sections below that to which we are accustomed at the Crystal Palace. On the other hand, the entire band may be equally praised for an observance of light and shade which, eloquent always, gave a new meaning to more than a few portions of Beethoven's work. In this respect its accompaniments are simply perfection, as, indeed, they are in most others.

After these general remarks it is unnecessary, as it would be tedious, to enter upon details with regard to the performance of the concerted music in *Joshua*. Enough that a rendering more generally satisfactory, or more worthy of a great occasion, could hardly be desired. The soloists, however, were of unequal merit; and, with all deference, I submit that, as a body, they proved inadequate. Frau Bellingrath, artist as she undoubtedly is, has left the prime of her powers behind her; while Dr. Gunz is somewhat less than the Dr. Gunz whom London amateurs knew a few years ago. But then, on the other hand, Frau Joachim has displayed powers not only in *Joshua*, but throughout the festival, which would astonish even those who heard her recently in London. She sang Handel's music last night with a vocal skill, dramatic force, and clear perception of every requirement, which established her in the first rank of living artists. No greater success was possible than that easily obtained by her rendering of Othniel's air, "Gefahren umgeht mich" ("Place danger around me.") So masterly was Mme. Joachim's execution, that the somewhat phlegmatic audience roused itself, and demanded the first encore of the Festival. And no wonder; for few who heard will readily forget the sensation made.

Of Herr Stockhausen it cannot be necessary to speak. He was scarcely in good voice in consequence of indisposition; but whether in good voice or not, he invariably sings with such refinement and taste as to confer the highest gratification. Naturally, under the circumstances, "See the conquering hero" was the culminating point of the performance. It stirred the Teutonic blood like the news of victory; a thousand Teutonic throats demanded its repetition, the men rising to their feet and remaining erect; while at the close of the famous paean the women waved their handkerchiefs as though the Red Prince himself had mounted the orchestra. Altogether it was a striking outburst of patriotic ardor, manifested naturally and on ample provocation.

At the third concert the attendance was larger than on any previous occasion, owing, no doubt, to a programme which artfully secured "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by providing a little for every form of classical taste. Gade's symphony in C minor (No. 1) led off, and was played, as regards the "strings," with the perfection characteristic of

Dr. Hiller's orchestra. The "wind" again left something to desire, but not enough to keep the performance generally out of the list of admirable things. About the work itself nothing need be said, since it has been heard at the Crystal Palace; where, by the way, Gade's music made no greater impression than it made on the audience of last night. An excellent feature in the arrangements enabled the Symphony, though it came first, to be heard in comfort—the doors were locked during the performance of each movement. Even the unpunctual concert-goers among ourselves must allow that this is an example which it would be well for English managers to follow.

After Gade's work came Dr. Gunz, with the original form of Florestan's air in *Fidelio*. His choice was an unhappy one, and his lugubrious singing damped the spirit of the audience—but only till such time as there appeared the well-known face and figure of Joseph Joachim. Is it necessary to tell how the great fiddler was received by those who ought to be, and who seemingly are, proud of him? or to say how he played the Ninth Concerto of Spohr? Assuredly it is superfluous to do either, though hard not to do both, especially after one of the most masterly displays of virtuosity ever witnessed. The "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the familiar adagio must remain, to all who heard it, a memory-haunting thing. No sooner was the last note reached, than the great crowd fairly boiled over with enthusiasm. A young lady stepped from the ranks of the chorus to present the artist with a bouquet, and others pelted him with flowers, while "Hoch!" was roared with all the strength of hundreds of good sound lungs. This was the beginning of ovations which now came fast and furious. Frau Bellingrath's delivery of the great scene from *Oberon*, though not at all remarkable for merit, elicited three calls, and a steady rain of flower leaves. More justly was Herr Stockhausen rewarded for his grand singing of Lysiart's dramatic air in *Euryanthe*, and Herr Joachim for his perfect playing of Dr. Hiller's Grosses Adagio (op. 87).

But the climax of enthusiasm was reserved for Frau Joachim, whose popularity is boundless, and for the distinguished conductor of whom Cologne has a right to be proud. The lady sang, in her best style, three songs, by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, respectively, and was forced to repeat the "Soldaten-bräu" of the last-named composer before she received almost burdensome tokens of public admiration. Loaded with bouquets, and made the target of innumerable flowers, she had to shake hands with the entire first row of sopranis, one of whom snatched a kiss, the report of which was followed by a roar of delight from the audience. Dr. Hiller endured not less honor. After a repetition—by desire—of the masterly chorus, "Die Heiden sind versunken in der Grube," from his new cantata, they placed a wreath upon his head amid a flourish of trumpets, and applauded as though applause in his case should know no end.

All this was pleasant to see, as it is pleasant to describe, making tame by contrast the remaining details of the concert. It must be said, nevertheless, that Handel's Coronation Anthem was less effectively given than we are accustomed to hear it; while, in the overture to *Der Freischütz*, Dr. Hiller's orchestra gratified exacting taste by the wonderful brilliancy and dash of its violins. To my mind, however, the orchestral success of the evening, if not of the entire Festival, was made in the accompaniments to Spohr's concerto, which were played with a delicacy and unobtrusiveness worthy of the highest admiration. No solo ever had better "nursing."

The last concert was followed by a public supper, whereat a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, including most of the artists and others officially connected with the proceedings. This "wind-up" proved of the liveliest character, and afforded, in some respects, an odd contrast to our English habits on similar occasions. There was no solemn eating as though for eating's sake; neither "removal of the cloth," nor subsequent submission to a despotic chairman. Instead of this, each man inclined to speak—and many had the *parole* during the evening—did what was right in his own eyes as regards the time, matter, and manner of his speech. Thus the Oberbürgermeister rose from the discussion of fish to propose the health of the Emperor; and at various stages in a long repast his example was followed by gentlemen who had all sorts of things to say, carefully prepared impromptus to deliver, original poems to recite in honor of distinguished artists, or a string of epigrams to send sparkling among the crowd. Never, I should imagine, did the genial aspect of Teutonic nature assert itself more emphatically. The mildest quibbs and cranks set the tables in a roar as unfailingly as the jests of "poor Yorick"; and the last of the speakers, though he appealed to fatigued muscles and aching sides, received a tribute

of laughter not less hearty than the first. The "mutual admiration" system was every whit as vigorously worked as with ourselves. Everybody proposed a "Hoch!" to everybody else; and it was a sight to see the rush of kindly folk when a Joachim or a Hiller was in question—all eager to catch his eye, and sustain with him the clink of glasses, which went on continuously, like well-nourished file-firing. So closed the Musikfest of the Lower Rhine; and I do not know how anything of the sort could close more happily.

#### Auber.—A Study. 1864.

BY B. JOUVIN.

Auber was always composing. You met him sauntering along the Boulevards: he was working.—At the theatre you took a stall next to the one in which he had settled himself, and in which he was soon asleep: he was working.—You pass along the Rue Saint-Georges after twelve at night; the street looked black to the right and left, with the exception of a window through which percolated the light of a modest lamp; that lamp was the lamp of the musician: he was working.—You knocked at his door at six in the morning; a portress as decrepid as the fairy Urgèle, directed you to the first floor. A housekeeper, as old as Baucis, referred you to a valet as aged as Philemon. This valet ushered you into an hospitable drawing room, where the sounds of the piano already reached you: the musician was at work. That did not matter, however; he came graciously to meet you; but you had to account to Posterity for a melody on the point of being born, and of which you deprived them.

The master—the youngest and most laborious of all—confessed to you with the greatest frankness, if you questioned him on the subject, that, when composing, he had never known any Muse but *Ennui*. "People consider my music gay," he said to me one day; "I do not know how that is, or can be; there is not a motive, among all those you are kind enough to think happy, which was not written between two yawns. I could point out to you many a passage where my pen has glided over the staff, and formed a long zigzag at the moment my eyes closed, or my head, weighed down by sleep, bent over the score. Yet it is these melancholy children of *Ennui* which people once called, and, perhaps, still call, Auber's *contretemps*."

Do not think this was sham modesty; the composer was sincere with others, and with himself. "I have never turned over one of my old scores," he said to me on another occasion, "with the delight we ought to feel at seeing once more faces we formerly knew and loved; when this occurred, I used to say to myself that there were a great many pieces I should begin again were my score to be re-written."

Very different from Auber, Spontini had in himself the faith of an apostle; nay more, the faith of an infallible pope. Even in his dressing-gown and slippers, he was mentally crowned with the laurels of him who composed *La Vestalin* and *Fernand Cortez*.

Auber possessed several highly valuable albums; they were volumes of ruled paper, bound without any ornament, and in which he noted down his melodies (*chants*) as he was inspired with them. If he had an opera to write, he consulted his albums; he took stock; he counted his treasures, and his only care arose from an *embarras de richesses*, but that was no slight one. In the arts as in life, it is not enough to acquire wealth; the great thing is to know how to spend it. When Auber had, as I will call it, levied his conscription of ideas for an approaching campaign and an approaching victory, he crossed out the melodies to which he was about to set words and give a definite form. We are coming to the secret of his collaboration with his poets. In Scribe's time, this was something extremely curious, and in the ungrateful task—not of regulating the music by the words, but of making the verse run without halting to the music, Auber's partner achieved some perfect wonders. It sometimes happened that the musician gave the poet "a monster," on which the poet had to place rhymes of exactly the same length. Raimbaud's narrative in *Le Comte Ory*, *Donna Lacrèce*'s air in *Acteon*, "Souvent un amant ment," are Scribe's masterpieces in this respect.

When Auber had found a melody—no great difficulty for him—do not fancy that he entered it without more ado in his "golden book," after trying it upon the piano, which formed part of the furniture in his study. It had first to undergo the *ordeal of the spinet*. Woe to the melody that could not stand the test; it was condemned to return to the nothingness whence the composer had drawn it.

The *ordeal of the spinet* was this:—Auber occupied only the first story of his house in the Rue Saint-Georges. In a room on the second floor (a regular

artist's nest) he had placed the old piano which was the companion of his poverty. When the hand appeals to its dilapidated notes, you fancy you are listening to the lamentations of the souls of several kettles soaring heavenwards; it is sufficient to make a coppersmith homesick. Well! the new-born melody, condemned to be subjected to these rheumatic, halting old keys, had to issue triumphant from the ordeal. If it pleased the ear of the composer, despite the *kettish* tone disfiguring it, Auber asked no more. *Dignus est intrare*, and the album was open to it.

Did you ever stop before the bust of Auber exhibited at our principal music-publishers? What strikes you first of all on contemplating the eyes without a glance, and the white mask, the features of which are clearly and even rather too harshly rendered, is an expression of energetic will. The forehead is handsome and intelligent; the arch of the eyebrows, which is very prominent, juts out above the eye, which it encloses in a cone of shadow; the nose is straight; the mouth is firm; but, when it is not smiling, the very strongly marked arch of the lips, and the severe fold of the commissures impart to the physiognomy that profound, and somewhat bored seriousness, which is calculated to excite surprise in a man whose genius is all grace. The chin projects; the temples are raised, and the ear, which is rather broad, is rounded off like a shell. These last two peculiarities constitute, according to Gail, the signs of a vocation for music.

If from the bust we pass to the man, the too strongly marked features were softened down and harmonized. The eye had preserved all the fire of youth, and the harsh expression of the mouth, when in repose, melted into a most delicate and intellectual smile. When, with his mind absorbed by the crowd, Auber aird, with uncertain steps, his profile on the Boulevards; or, to kill the long hours in the evening, buried himself in an orchestra-stall at the Comédie-Française, or at the Variétés, the pedestrian, or the composer's neighbor in the stalls, felt at first inclined to take him for an Englishman devoured by spleen, and arranging, as he bit his nails till he made the blood come, the fifth act of his approaching suicide. But if you accosted—if you shook up by a word—the individual whose imagination was wandering a hundred leagues away—in the country of beautiful melodic dreams—if you dragged him out of his *dreaminess*, you were sure of finding a most amiable, most lively, and most original talker.

It was by the activity of an existence of which every hour was well employed, that Auber kept himself young. A regular system of work endowed him with a robust constitution. The valiant octogenarian could count the years of his green old age double, for he had always shortened his nights and added to his days. He never devoted more than three or four hours to sleep; this was a habit adopted in his twentieth year. At that period, he said to me, "it was the full dawn which, bursting into my bedroom, used to warn me that it was time to extinguish my lamp." When the breakfast hour struck, Auber had done his day's work, as mechanics say. Wait a moment, and you shall see how he refreshed himself after the fatigues of composition and his long watchings.

Only a few years ago, he used to ride regularly on horseback before breakfast. He afterwards substituted for this hippic exercise a drive in an open carriage through the Bois de Boulogne, but the hour was no longer a fixed one; it was sometimes in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon, that you met him in the Grande Avenue des Champs Elysées, seated in a corner of the carriage, and plunged in thought, or with his eyelids half-closed. He breakfasted with the frugality of an anchorite: a cup of tea and four or five spoonfuls of cold milk (he afterwards abolished this meal). He generally stopped in till one o'clock; he then set out for the Rue Bergère, to manage the affairs of the Conservatory. It was during the period between his taking off his dressing-gown and putting on his frock or tail coat, that visitors, or bores, were received at the house in the Rue Saint-Georges; he greeted the one and the other with the same affability, and, if he dismissed the second somewhat more hastily than the first, he was so skilled in strewing with the flowers of politeness the floor of his drawing-room, that the visitor, thus charmingly shown the door, went away enchanted.

(To be Continued.)

#### The "Easy Chair" recalling Thalberg and some others.

It was about fifteen years ago that Thalberg was in this country. Jenny Lind had been here two or three years before, and Albini and Grisi a little later, and Vieuxtemps and Sivori and Ole Bull had arrived a dozen years before. Julie, with his monster

orchestra, had given monstrous concerts in the monstrous hall of Castle Garden, and many a musician of less fame had come to try his fortune. But we had had neither of the acknowledged masters of the piano, the founders of the modern school of playing—Liszt and Thalberg. Liszt, spoiled and capricious, played very seldom. Chopin, more a composer than a performer, we in America had never supposed would cross the sea: so sensitive, so delicate, so shad-ow, his life seemed to exhale, a passionate sigh of music. In the stormy, blood-soaked, ruined Paris of to day it is not easy to imagine those evenings at the Prince Czartoryski's, when Chopin played in the moonlight the mazurkas and polonaises and waltzes which moonlight or opium seem often to have inspired, but through which the proud movement of the old Polish dance and song so often also triumphantly rings.

In George Sand's "Letters of a Traveler" Chopin also appears, but sadly and hopelessly. The phrase of Xavier de Maistre, in speaking of the Fornarina and Raphael, is the undertone of all the passages of the book that speak of Chopin—"She loved her love more than her lover." Then came the burial at the Madeleine, with his own funeral march beating time to his grave. But of all composers for the piano Chopin seems to be the truest poet. The others play cunningly upon the ear, but he touches the soul. The mere pianist who had aroused the most enthusiasm in this country was Leopold de Meyer, who came more than twenty years ago. It was an exhilarating, champagne style. There was a grotesque little plaster cast of him in the shop windows at the time, which was a capital caricature. He was represented crouching over the instrument, with enormous hands spread upon the key board, and his fat knee crowding in to cover all the rest of the space. It was slambang playing, but so skilful, and with such a tickling melody, that it was irresistibly popular. His "Marche Marocaine," a brilliant *tour de force*, was always sure to captivate the audience; and as De Meyer played with his whole body, and with evident zest, his success was indisputable.

His concerts were sometimes given in the old Tabernacle upon Broadway, near Leonard Street, the circular church which for many years was the chief public hall in the city. The platform was almost in the centre, and the aisles radiated from it. The galleries went quite around the building, and, except for the huge columns which supported a dome, it was convenient both for hearing and seeing. Here were some of the great antislavery meetings in the hottest days of the agitation. The anniversaries were held here, and it was the scene of all popular lectures and of concerts. A few blocks above, upon Broadway, near Canal Street, was the old Apollo Hall, where the first Philharmonic concerts took place. In those early days of the German music—days which followed the City Hotel epoch and the Garcia opera—people were so unaccustomed to the properties of the concert-room that the Easy Chair has even known some persons to whisper and giggle during the performance of the finest symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and so excessively rude as to rustle out of the hall before the last piece was ended.

Upon one such occasion it said to its neighbor, as they were coming out,

"It is a pity that such ill-mannered people should come among ladies and gentlemen."

"Ill-mannered!" quoth its neighbor; "I assure you they are carriage company from the neighborhood of Union Square."

In these days of universal respectful attention at the Philharmonic concerts to the performance of fine music it is but a curious reminiscence of long-past boorishness, this of persons who whispered and giggled, and rustled out before the end, at concerts, to the disturbance of all mannerly people.

As the city grew the concerts came up town, and were for some time given at Niblo's concert-room. But, wherever they were, one person was for many years constantly familiar, sometimes as pianist to accompany singing, always modest, courteous, and efficient, a man widely and most kindly remembered—Henry C. Timm. Like most of our musical benefactors, he was a German, and gave lessons in piano-playing. He was not one of the great virtuosos, but his touch was delicate and nimble, and he had a sincere love of his art. Often and often, at a house always pleasant from that reminiscence, with the consent of parent and pupil, and to his own great delight, the hour designed for the scholar's scales and exercises was given to the master's playing. He was fond of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and he played it with force and precision and the utmost delicacy. Mr. Timm had a pale, smooth, sharp face, a rather prim manner, and a quick, modest gait. He was most simple-hearted, and loved a joke; and his fun was all the more effective from his very sober face and his lisp. It was his wife who was for so

long the most efficient actress at Mitchell's old Olympia in the palmy days of burlesque.

It was at Niblo's that Thalberg played. Many of the virtuosos had been—like De Meyer—so extravagant in their action, and so evidently what we now call "sensational," that there was great curiosity to see the master whose name had been familiar since 1830, and famous since 1835, when he first played in Paris. The comparative estimate of the two men, Liszt and Thalberg, was that the former was a player of eccentric genius, the latter of consummate talent: a judgment which is very apt to spring from a superficial theory that eccentricity is the signet of genius. The long hair, the wild aspect of Paganini have done much to confirm this feeling.

At the concerts of Thalberg there were some preliminary performances, and then a gentleman of ordinary size, with side whiskers and no moustache, and unostentatiously dressed, entered upon the platform. His manner was grave and tranquil, and he bowed respectfully as he seated himself at the instrument. Immediately, without a flourish or grimace, steadily and calmly watching the audience, he touched the piano, and it began to sing. There was no pounding, no muscular contortion. Nothing but his hands seemed to be engaged, and apparently without effort they exhausted the whole force of the instrument. It was in every respect except its great effectiveness the reverse of De Meyer's playing. The effect, indeed, was astonishing. When he arose, as quietly and gravely as he had seated himself, there was a tumult of applause, to which he bowed and tranquilly withdrew.

The characteristic of his style is well known. It was a series of harmonious combinations of all the resources of the key-board, through which the melody was clearly articulated. It was by study and by long practice only that he carried this method to its perfection. Thus in one of his great fantasias, that from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the sentiment of the whole opera is reproduced. You do not admire brilliant variations upon a theme selected from the opera but you are affected by the passionate movement of the entire work. It is a wonderful epitome. Yet the same respect which he showed for his audience and for himself, and which made him always a self-possessed gentleman, he also had for his instrument. De Meyer, for instance, seemed to suppose that the full range and power of the piano could not be developed except by grotesque methods. Other players treat it as if impatient of its limitations, and resolved to make an orchestra of a feeble key-board. But Thalberg instinctively apprehended the character of the instrument, and respected its limitations as well as its powers, and knew that its utmost resource was attainable by skilled motion rather than by brute force. Therefore it was that he played with his hands, and not with his knees and his body. But the force of his fingers was magical, and the volume of sound that followed was as great as any player evoked.

Indeed, Thalberg was a player only, and not, in the sense of Chopin, a composer. What are called his compositions are arrangements and adaptations of themes from operas treated in his manner, and for the purpose of developing them with all the richness of the instrument. The originality is in the method of instrumentation, and in this he was original, and is really the founder of the present piano school. As a player his characteristic was the cantabile—the singing quality; and this he had beyond all players. The flowing sweetness of his style is indescribable. There were many, indeed, who complained of a want of fire, and denied him that passion without which no work of art is perfect. But it was impossible to hear him play his fantasias from "Don Giovanni," for instance, without perceiving all the passion of the original. Mozart was not dimmed under his hands. And the impression of coldness was largely due, doubtless, to the tranquility and propriety of his appearance and manner.

The most generally popular of his successors at the piano in this country was undoubtedly Gottschalk, who was here quite as early as Thalberg, whose fame eclipsed all others. Upon his arrival Gottschalk played privately at a small party. He was a foreign-looking youth, with a peculiarly dull eye, and taciturn, but he was familiar with every kind of music. When he was asked he played Chopin, and with great skill. But his chief successes were his West Indian melodies, which were full of picturesque suggestion. His execution was most rapid, brilliant, and forcible, but a great deal of his playing was too evidently *tours de force*. It was always interesting to watch his audience, when, upon being recalled, he began one of the West Indian strains. There was a minor monotonous theme in them which fascinated the listeners. They heard the beat of the tambourine, and saw the movement of the dance, and with them all the characteristic scenery and associa-



consisted of exercises in scales written in various keys on the blackboards. The pupils displayed an actual knowledge of the scales that was surprising to the visitors. The surprise was considerably enhanced when two little girls, of ten and twelve years, respectively, came forward and went through the whole lesson in the capacity of teacher and pupil, and one of them, with Mr. Seward of New Jersey, went through an impromptu exercise and put down on the blackboard the notes emitted by that gentleman, one mistake only being made when the key was altered. A piece that had been prepared for the late school festival was then sung, and the proceedings terminated with the explanation by Mr. Holt that whatever degree of proficiency was exhibited was due to the regular teacher, which being present with the class about half an hour each day.

#### THE HIGHER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

An hour later and the members of the congress were at the Everett school, West Northampton street, where illustrations of music teaching as conducted in the higher grammar schools were given by a choir of children from the Everett, Winthrop, Franklin, Dwight and Rice schools, under the direction of Mr. J. Sharland, the instructor. Before the exercises began Mr. Underwood made a few remarks as to the importance of music, ranking it as next to the mission of the Christian minister only, and advertising to the importance of the art as being useful to every scholar; whereas the other branches of learning—chemistry, geology, &c.—would be of benefit to only a few. Mr. Seward added a few words as to the importance of placing the profession in the first rank and was followed by an explanation by Mr. Sharland, to the effect that he had had but very little opportunity to practice with his class. Some exercises in rhythm followed, with chords and discords and solfeggio movements. Mr. Seward was then invited to write an extemporaneous composition on the blackboard, which he did, and which the class got through with very little difficulty. They were very heartily applauded for their efforts.

**THE GIRLS' HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOL**  
was the next and last place visited, and here a class of nearly two hundred pupils of the higher classes were waiting, with Mr. Julius Eichberg as conductor, to show their proficiency in the higher parts of music. Mr. Underwood briefly introduced Mr. Eichberg as the instructor in all of the high schools in the city of Boston, and that gentleman briefly explained that the teaching of music in the schools was divided into three parts—the first, singing by sight, then exercises in vocalization and exercises in part singing. He then, with the aid of the blackboard, put the pupils through a course of exercises in singing at sight in one part, then in two parts, and next in three parts, with chords. Mendelssohn's "Ye Sons of Israel," was excellently well performed. The singing of the anthem, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, by the senior class, brought the proceedings to a close shortly after one o'clock, Mr. Eichberg receiving from the visitors as they departed many congratulations upon the proficiency his pupils had attained in the higher branches of music.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

In the afternoon a meeting was held in Music Hall for the consideration of musical topics. There was not a large audience present. Mr. Southard presided. The first thing on the programme was a discussion on "What course shall be pursued for the creation and development of choral societies in America?"

#### THE DISCUSSION.

Dr. Tourjée began the discussion. He said he had been in 200 communities during the past year to speak upon this subject, and in at least fifty of them a desire had been manifested to form choral societies. He thought the church should take the lead in the organization of such societies. The leading musical people should join with the clergymen, and the entire community should be made to feel an interest in the subject.

Mr. Emerson said it was very important that the churches in various communities should unite and put aside all jealousy. Musical organizations were not, as a general thing, self-sustaining. There was great lack of thorough elementary instruction, and the churches should see to it that this lack was supplied.

Dr. Tourjée further explained how the jealousies and petty rivalries of different religious societies could be overcome. In not thus coming together they were operating against themselves, and were doing nothing to get rid of the charlatanism and light sacred music that exists. He had records in his office of conventions held as long ago as 1834, when every State in the Union was represented. Since that time they had been going backward.

F. F. Seward of New Jersey next undertook to give some illustrations of elementary teaching in music. It seemed to him like carrying coals to Newcastle, yet he must enter his protest against one matter in which he found the current very much against him. This was the use of the musical syllables. He found that wherever they had been used to determine the absolute pitch, musical culture among the masses had declined. This was seen in Italy and France, where the masses sang like birds, but without acquired skill. This truth was illustrated by the great success of the "tonic sol-fa" system. He thought that it was particularly important that the system which he opposed should be discouraged in Boston, as edu-

tors in all parts of the country were looking to our schools for examples of musical teaching. Mr. Seward offered the following resolution:

Whereas, there is to be observed an increasing tendency in this country to depart from the original and proper use of the syllables in elementary instruction, and whereas it is believed that such departure is sure to result in a decline of popular interest, and to prove a great hindrance to popular progress;

*Resolved*, That this congress declares itself unsympathetic in favor of the use of the syllables according to the Guidonian or tone system, and that all teachers and educators are recommended to use their utmost influence against the opposite method, or that in which the syllables are used in a fixed position to represent absolute pitch.

General Oliver supported the resolution. He was astonished that anybody should think of introducing the Italian system. He objected that it destroyed all association in memory. Mr. W. O. Perkins also advocated the resolution, deeming it almost impossible for a scholar to gain proficiency in reading by the new method, because before it was accomplished it would be necessary for the learner to have a complete knowledge of every possible interval which could occur in music. The Rev. E. A. Wentworth also supported the resolution.

#### ESSAY ON ORATORIO MUSIC.

The Rev. Elias Nason then read a paper on "The Four Great Oratorios." Music, he said, was an extra benefaction, an express benison of God. He has filled this world brimful of it. To man he also accords the skill to bring in instruments, and from them to invoke and bring in harmonies. This again, is purely supplemental. The outer world is a grand harmonia, invisible fingers touching, Oh, how masterly! This is the well spring of the art; and all the various forms of human music are God-given. There is, in one sense, no secular music. The loftiest form of heavenly art is the oratorio. The word is derived from the Latin word, meaning a prayerful song. In the middle ages it was customary to perform profane dramas of the Creation, and other scenes, in which supernal and infernal characters were introduced. From these profane dramas the oratorio arose about the middle of the sixteenth century. After speaking of the origin of the oratorio, he defined it as a logically connected and continuous musical composition, founded on some sacred narrative or event, consisting of an overture, with introduction for instruments alone, and solos, duets, arias, quartets, quintets, recitatives, choruses, etc., in various time, key and movement,—all conspiring to develop the plan or plot of the story, and to give in unity and power the general idea of the composer, so as to raise the imagination of the listener. It is, in other words, an epic-toned poem, an Iliad in song. The language is drawn from the Bible. The first oratorio in point of time and talent is the *Messiah* of Handel. Mr. Nason gave a sketch of Handel's life. Pushed to the wall in England by feminine intrigue, a thought struck him, and at fifty-six years of age he began to compose the original, soul-entrancing oratorio of the *Messiah*, which he finished in twenty-three days, which has done more to educate musical taste, unclasp the bands of charity and to unfold the mind of God to men than any other composition save the *Bible* itself. It was first performed in Dublin in 1742. In England its greatness was soon acknowledged, and at a particular passage the King and his suite always rose, a custom which is kept up to this day,

At the close of the sketch of Handel's life, a solo from Handel's opera of *Admetus* was sung by Mrs. H. E. Sawyer.

Handel is the Homer, Haydn the Virgil of music. The *Messiah* is the Iliad; the *Creation* is the *Aeneid*, full of sweetness, grace and serenity. It was composed at Vienna, begun in 1715, when he was 63 years old and first performed in public in 1739 at the imperial palace. It was received with unbounded applause, and the world hears it still with ecstasy. His spirit was imbued profoundly with devotion.

Mr. Nason next turned to Beethoven, who came, a wild, erratic, wonder-loving boy, to take lessons of Haydn seven years before the latter had enraptured the Viennese with his great "*Creation*." He was music's darling child, and with the untrammeled power of Heaven-kissing genius he went forward to a brighter sphere and composed "*Christ on the Mount of*

(Continued on page 56).

## Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1871.

### Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

FIFTH DAY (CONCLUDED).

We were cut short in the middle of our remarks upon the *Passion Music*, which we now resume.—

Another class of choruses, short, and very frequent in this work,—but wholly unrepresented in the Festival selections—belongs to the narrative portion, and should have been mentioned under our first head.

Wherever, in the course of the Gospel narrative, bodies of people are represented as speaking, the words are embodied in a chorus. In the rude and slender Passion music of the Middle Ages such choruses were introduced and were called *turbae* (voices of the crowd). They sometimes give voice to the disciples, in such brief sentences as: "Where wilt Thou that we prepare the passover"; oftener, and more elaborately, and with immense dramatic fire and vividness, to the angry and relentless outcries of the Jews: "O tell us, thou Christ"; "He guilty is of death"; the terrible shout "Barabbas!" (accent on first syllable,—diminished seventh chord spread over eight voice parts and orchestra); "Let him be crucified," &c.

But we were speaking of the Choruses and Arias which constitute what we have termed the *reflective* portion of the work. Perhaps the greatest Chorus of this kind is that which Bach has used for the Overture, as it were, or gate of entrance (grander than Dante's to the *Inferno*) to the solemn and heart-rending spectacle. It is a *Double Chorus*, with full orchestral introduction and accompaniment: "Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish" (at the sight which you shall see), in which instruments and voices seem pressing, crowding forward, like a vast multitude with anxious hearts, yet irresistibly attracted, all moving on in long-drawn figurative phrases; the second chorus asking: "Who?" "Where?" "How?" the first replying; until soon a third choir in unison (commonly boys) joins in in the long tones of a Chorale, line by line, intermittently: "O Lamb of God"; and finally both choruses and all the instruments are brought together to swell the mighty current of the leading theme. Nothing in music can be more sublime;—nothing, perhaps, more difficult to execute; and therefore were we, to our sorrow, deprived of this most fitting introduction, the selections opening, as we have said before, abruptly with a Chorale. Mr. LANG, however, showed a proper sense of the situation by making his opening voluntary on the Organ out of a portion of that orchestral prelude; of course it was but a faint sketch or hint of the grand thing in full.

First in order, among the reflective pieces given, was the Contralto Recit. and Aria (Nos. 9 and 10) prompted by the incident of the Woman with the box of ointment:

"Grief and pain  
Wring the guilty heart in twain.  
Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster,  
Freely from mine eyes, like rain,  
Grateful balm to my dear Master!"

Of this touching melody and of its slight, but tenderly suggestive exquisite accompaniment—simply two flutes, in thirds and sixths, with string quartet (the latter made out from the figured bass by Franz),—we have spoken on a former occasion. Suffice it to say, it was well suited to the rich tones of Miss STERLING, who sang it simply, largely, well; some, doubtless, would have liked a little more dramatic pathos.

Next we have to name one of the very happiest selections, one of the most original instances of Bach's exhaustless genius and consummate art, the Tenor Solo with Chorus, Nos. 25 and 26 (Recit. "O grief!", and Aria: "I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway," with the soft, rich, soothing choral response: "So slumber shall our sins befall.") To each intensely pathetic exclamation of the Recitative, with its underground of not less eloquent accompaniment, the Chorus of Believers respond in four part harmony, subdued and serious, self-accusing, which is a revelation of new depths of feeling and of beauty in the same Chorale with which the selections opened now to the words: "Why must Thou suffer?" &c. Nothing could be more beautiful, unless it be the Aria which sets in after it, in a more buoyant, yet moderate tempo, full of sweet confidence. The pregnant

melody first sings itself through upon the oboe, and is then taken up in fragments by the Tenor voice : "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway"; and at intervals the chorus, soft and sweet and evenly diffused like summer rain, repeats : "So slumber shall our sins befall!", then stops and listens fondly to the other (kindred) melody of solo voice and oboe; the latter, like a silver thread, runs through the whole. (We quoted one critic who accused Bach's music of a "want of soul"! A very leaden slumber must have befallen his soul during the performance of that piece!—In the tenor solo Mr. WINCH, though far from realizing all the beauty and interior meaning of the music, did much better than we could have expected of one just entering so new an element. It was a very trying task, and it is no small praise to say he did not fail in it. The intervals were sure, the tones true and musical, the style manly and honest. Now and then a note was reached with too apparent effort, and generally the rendering was a little cold and crude; but the tones, the form, the melody were there, and told effectually in the harmonious whole. The running oboe *obbligato* was exquisitely played, but should have become more subdued whenever the voice began. The only fault, too, with the choral responses was that they were too uniformly loud; the 700 voices blended richly, and the individual outline of no one of the four parts was lost.

The next selection followed in unbroken sequence : the Recit. and Aria for Bass voice, which is a meditation on (or application of) the prayer of Jesus that the cup might pass from him. The Air: "Gladly will I, all resigning, Cross nor bitter cup declining, Drink in my Redeemer's name," &c., is full of beauty and resigned expression; but it is a melody of so elastic, delicate a fibre, that it could not be just the best selection for Mr. WHITNEY's solid, ponderous, majestic manner. It is Gothic, so to speak, while he is Doric. We would rather hear him (if he must be limited to one Aria) in the one he sang in the Symphony Concerts : "Give me back my dearest Master." Yet this was sung conscientiously and grandly, only with hardly vitality enough to make the song pass for all that it is worth.

And now came (No. 33) the great sensation of the evening, and the most startling revelation of Bach's wonderful dramatic power. Jesus has been seized and led away. A flute and oboe, in mournful, quaint, melodious duet, stand out from the deep, sombre background of the orchestra, preluding to, and then accompanying the mingled lamentation of a Soprano and an Alto solo : "Alas! my Jesu now is taken." As they sing on each in its own heart-broken, long drawn, sobbing strain, lengthening out the melodic figures in grief's un hurried and involuntary way, the sultry atmosphere is ever and anon relieved by loud bursts from the indignant chorus : "Leave him! bind him not." "Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken." the duet continues. "Leave him!" thunders again the chorus. "He is led away! Ah! they have bound him;—all pity banish'd," still they sing, or almost wail, in yet more long-drawn, melting cadence, when suddenly the smothered indignation of the general breast finds full vent in the swift, tremendous double Chorus : "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?" The short, stern motive is first given out by all the basses; the tenors answer fugue-like, while the deep basses of the orchestra begin to roll and rumble; the theme goes round the circle of parts; the rolling movement takes possession of the vocal basses also; voices echo voices instantly and sharply, like clap on clap of thunder, or in vivid flashes, and the foundations of the great deep seem upheaved in foaming billows, when suddenly there is a pause,—a moment of the silence that expresses more than sound;—and then, upon the major of the key (heretofore minor), with a new motive, gathering up all the forces of the orchestra, with an appalling energy and splendor, the

storm waxes to a mighty whirlwind, as quickly over as it suddenly came on, leaving the awed, excited hearer listening still with bated breath :

"Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of Hell, then!  
Engulf them, devour them,  
Destroy them, overwhelm them,  
In wrathfullest mood.  
O! blast the betrayer,  
The murderous brood!"

The effect was overwhelming. Such a rush and storm of harmony, such vivid, terrible tone-painting, such startling climax, and withal such wonderful sonority and wealth of tone (for to Bach's own vocal and instrumental polyphony Robert Franz had added the brass instruments, which doubtless Bach himself would have used in our day), was a new sensation, a new sense of sublimity, to that audience, even so shortly after Handel's "Hail Storm" chorus. But even if the two choruses may come into comparison, think how unique is Bach's conception in making such a chorus the necessary sequel and development of such a Duet!—for the two pieces must be taken together as one scene, one dramatic moment. Doubtless many a person has puzzled over the notes of that Duet, and come to the conclusion that it looked long-winded, dull and thankless; but when we came to hear it, framed in all the subtle beauty of the instrumentation, and with a live singer, well at home in Bach, like Mme. RUDERSDORFF, to put life into it, and seconded so well in the Contralto by Miss STERLING, all were charmed by it. (The little choral interruptions, too, Bach's instinct knew, were as essential to the musical charm as to the vividness of the dramatic scene). Mme. Rudersdorff sang it in her way, very dramatically, with such intensity of accent, and so much *sforzando*, as to contrast perhaps too strongly with the quiet, even flow of the Contralto; and yet, but for such emphasis (really impassioned), it is doubtful whether the piece would have made its mark; as it is, the singular Duet is from that hour believed in and desired.

Here ended the selections from the First Part, passing over the great chorus with which Bach concludes it, or rather the elaborately varied Chorale, with rich figurative accompaniment : "O Man, bewail thy sin so great."

From the Second Part, which is the longest of the two, only two numbers, in addition to the Chorale : "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," were vouchsafed; but these were precious "grants," as one of our critical friends would say. One was the not wholly unfamiliar Alto Aria (but equally well suited for the mezzo soprano voice) : "Erbarme dich, mein Gott" ("O pardon me, my God!"), with the beautiful violin solo (remarkably well played by Mr. LISTEMANN). The string quartet had been enriched by Franz with a quartet of reeds (clarinets and bassoons), delicately eking out and coloring the intrinsic motives of the piece to render Bach's intention the more palpable. This very broad, sustained, and difficult melody, the loveliest, the noblest, most pathetic in the whole work, was sung by Mme. Rudersdorff with great feeling and expression, bringing it home to most hearts more powerfully than when it has been sung before, though in a less scrupulously chaste and even style than that to which we had been accustomed, so that the strong dramatic accent and the frequent breath-taking seemed at first a little strange; but she breathed a new life into it, and even the violin and whole accompaniment seemed to become possessed with her magnetic spirit.

Finally, the unspeakably beautiful and sacred Schluss-Chor, or concluding (Double) Chorus. It is the parting hymn of the disciples weeping at the Master's tomb :

"Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,  
And murmur low, in tones suppress:  
Rest Thee softly, softly rest!  
Long, ye weary limbs, lie sleeping,  
Rest ye softly, rest in peace!  
This cold stone above Thy head,

Shall to many a care-worn conscience  
Be a sweet, refreshing pillow;  
Here the soul find peaceful bed.  
Closed in bliss divine, slumber now the weary eyes.  
Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,  
And murmur low, in tones suppress :—  
Rest Thee softly, softly rest!"

What other Art, what Poetry has ever yet expressed so much of grief, of tender, spiritual love, of faith and peace, of the heart's heaven smiling through tears, as this tone elegy,—at once an inspiration of profoundest pious feeling, and the ripest masterpiece of complete Art! So should the Passion music close, and not with fugue of praise and triumph like an Oratorio. How easily and evenly the music flows, a broad, rich, deep, pellucid stream, swollen as by countless rills from every loving, bleeding and believing heart in a redeemed Humanity! How full of a sweet secret comfort, even triumph, is this heavenly farewell! It is the "peace which passeth understanding." "Rest Thee, softly!" is the burthen of the song; one chorus sings it and the other echoes : "Softly rest!" then both together swell the strain. Many times as this recurs, no: only in the voices, but in the introduction and numerous interludes of the exceedingly full orchestra, which sounds as human, sympathetic and spontaneous as if it too had breath and conscious feeling, you still crave more of it, for it is as if your soul were bathed in new life inexhaustible. The middle portion, too, before the return of the main subject, and which is more discursive, (the lines : "Long, ye weary limbs," &c., to "Closed in bliss divine," &c.), is wonderfully beautiful, and shows in how high and free a range of pure imagination Bach could soar in his intensity of feeling ("Want of soul," forsooth!)—This chorus was indeed admirably sung, as if every singer's heart were in it; and, with eight vocal parts so fully manned, and blended to such purpose by the master soul of polyphony, with such accompaniment of double orchestra and organ, it conveyed a sense of wealth and fullness such as no combination of instruments and voices had ever given us before.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the wholesomeness and profound impression which that chorus made; and many of that audience would say Amen! were we to include nearly all the pieces heard then for the first time in the same remark. The performance, for a first attempt, was altogether creditable. It was the highest mark in pure artistic effort which the old Society have reached thus far. More familiar things they can sing better, but this has been their worthiest and highest task; nor should it cease to be their task, their problem paramount, until they have made themselves and the best Boston public as much at home with the whole Passion Music (of which this was but a small part) as they have long been with the "Messiah" and "Elijah." The study and the mastery of one such work is worth a dozen "Jubilees."

We have not much to say about Sir Sterndale Bennett's short Oratorio, or rather Sacred Cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," which occupied the rest of the evening. Supposing it to be ever so good, it had not a fair chance after Bach. That impression remaining, this was hardly more than gaslight in the midst of sunshine. It must be owned it sounded for the most part quite tame in comparison. Yet it is a musician like, artistic, elegant and earnest work; without much positive originality; often suggesting Mendelssohn, as if suggested by him. Not a great work, but elevated in tone, pleasing, pure in style, and always musical. Its best power is shown in the choral and orchestral writing; its weakest in the Recitative, which for the most part lacks character and interest,—inevitably it seems so after Bach; only the few greatest masters seem to have proved their mastery in this rare art of recitative. For instance, where Jesus says to the Woman : "If thou knowest who it is that saith unto thee : Give me to

drink," the repetition of this last phrase, inexpressive in itself, is singularly weak and empty. And once or twice there is an attempt to be dramatic, imitating tones of actual life, that sounds (unwittingly) too much like Verdi; as, where the Woman goes into the city and says: "Come, see a man, &c., with the curious staccato *pianissimo* accompaniment.

The Arias,—one for each of the four principals,—are good, but not remarkable. That for the Woman: "Art thou greater than our father Jacob," has the strong accent and wide intervals of great excitement, and so was well adapted to the best power of Mme. Rudersdorff, who made it one of the salient points in the impression of the work. Quite a noble Air, however, is that for the Bass: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," and was feelingly and beautifully sung by Mr. J. F. WINCH; indeed, among the single performances of the whole week, this will be remembered as one of the best. The Air for the Contralto (which also takes the place of "Evangelist" in the brief connecting narrative sentences): "O Lord, thou hast searched me out," is simple, fading from the memory at once, nor did it seem to inspire our admirable singer (Miss PHILIPPS) with much life. Mr. CUMMINGS sang the pleasing Aria which, we believe, was written for him: "His salvation is nigh to them that fear Him," with all the refinement, the chaste fervor, the pure and finely modulated quality of tone, which one is sure to find in him.—Altogether the most beautiful impression made in the whole work, was the unaccompanied Quartet: "God is a Spirit," very simple in itself, but executed to perfection by these four singers.

The instrumentation abounds in delicate felicities. The introduction, particularly, leading into a Chorale, sung in unison by Sopranis: "Ye Christian people, now rejoice," is worthy of the romantic, genial composer of the "Naiades" and "Wood Nymph" Overtures, and hints of living springs to the imagination. The following Chorus: "Blessed be the God of Israel;" the spirited and striking one, "but rather operatic": "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water"; the Chorus: "Come, O Israel"; the hymn: "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide"; the grave: "Now we believe," &c., all show the practised hand in contrapuntal choral writing. But to our mind the most satisfactory of all was the figured finale: "Blessed be the Lord."—The Cantata is of moderate difficulty compared with the great tasks of the Festival, and did not suffer in the rendering, as it did from such great neighborhood as "Israel" and the "Passion Music." Perhaps when it invites us by itself we may be able to do it better justice.

**LAST DAY; NINTH PERFORMANCE.** On Sunday evening the Festival was brought to a close, of course with the most widely known and loved of Oratorios, "*The Messiah*"; and the hall was crammed to overflowing. Singers and audience both came to it naturally a good deal fatigued. As far as we judge in that condition, it was in the main a very good performance, but not up to the most proud traditions of the old Society. Some of the choruses, however, went superbly. Mme. RUDERSDORFF had to claim indulgence on account of a severe sore throat; but in "I know that my Redeemer," she made up by her inspiring earnestness and fervor, and her thorough understanding, for what she lacked in voice. "Rejoice greatly" was less suited to her. Mr. CUMMINGS was nearly all that we could wish in the tenor solos; Mr. WHITNEY was nobly at home in the Bass, for (here, at least) the "Meessiah" Arias belong to him; and Mrs. WEST shared the Soprano part to great acceptance.

And so ended the most important, the most nobly planned and worthily, successfully executed festival of music of which this country can yet boast. In the magnitude and richness of the programme it even surpassed most festivals abroad. So many of the

greatest works, choral and orchestral, in one week, were very seldom heard. The main element in this success, throughout, has been, by general consent, the chorus singing. Never before has the foremost Oratorio Society of America been in such excellent condition. The number of voices is full large enough for any work,—perhaps too large for some of the choicer tasks. The proportion of young and live material in the regiment (of 700 or 750) has been very much increased within three years. There is a good average of fine, fresh, musical and telling voices. And most of them are persons who read music readily, and who love *good* music, and are willing to spend time and effort in learning to sing a great work as it should be sung; this they have shown by the fidelity and zeal with which they have followed up the long and frequent series of rehearsals necessary to such a Festival. Of course, there is still room for improvement; the "weeding-out" process, the elimination of "dead wood," is so large an army, and so old and proud, must go on always, and fresh, young life must take its place. There must be some mode of honorable retirement (from active service) provided for those whose zeal and love and pride in their old society has outlived their voices. And the lesson has yet to be learned in this country, regarding all such enterprises, that, beyond the point of sufficiency, much virtue lies in limitation of numbers. Enough is as good as a feast. In our fast age, there is too much ambition to do things on the biggest scale. Could we only select the soundest, choicest portion out of the crowds of singers whom the teaching of music in the public schools is beginning to raise up for us, is it not obvious that a chorus of 500, or even 400 voices might be trained to execute the oratorios even more satisfactorily than 700 or 1000 voices can do now? And then, for certain of the finest tasks,—getting to be the most important now, since the old repertoire has grown so familiar—such tasks as the Cantatas, Passions, &c., of Bach—is not the sound *heart-wood*, the nucleus choir, always more prepared and more available than the "great bodies which move slowly," waiting for raw recruits and stragglers to catch up?

Of course, for certain things, for certain effects, a more general massing of forces is desirable; and that might be by combination of several less bulky organizations.

There is no denying, however, the great and solid progress which the Handel and Haydn Society have made. And it is due, not only to the increased respect for music in our whole social life and education, but more immediately and signally to inspiring devotion, wise counsel and suggestion, practical ability and unstinted labor on the part of the officers of the Society and their long tried and trusted musical director, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN. The latter gentleman has shown himself fully equal to the great undertaking. He has been instant, in season and out of season, in the laying out of the work, and in the preparation of himself and of the forces under him, which he wields with such inspiring certainty, for the achievement of so formidable a programme. All are grateful to him, and seriously wonder whether without him such a week would have been possible. Nor can we overrate the general obligation to the energetic and devoted Secretary, Mr. LORING B. BARNES, who in all that concerns the business affairs of the Society has been, through a large part of his 17 years of service, its mainspring and factotum, as it were, and who has since been gratefully promoted to the place of President. Of the retiring President, Dr. J. BAXTER UPHAM, who has so envably identified himself with the cause of musical education in our community, and who for eleven years has so well upheld the dignity and courtesy and harmony of the old Society, and done much to raise its ideal and enlarge its scope, the following extract from the record of the late annual meeting but expresses the general appreciation:

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.**—The following resolutions, offered by the Secretary, Loring B. Barnes, were, with much enthusiasm, unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and the retiring officer briefly replied to the same:

We, the members of the Handel and Haydn Society, desirous of expressing our high appreciation of the valuable ser-

vices rendered the Society by the retiring President, J. Baxter Upham, who has filled the chair of presiding officer for the past ten years, do unanimously

*Resolved*, That in the severing of the ties which have bound us to our efficient and in all respects worthy head, we lose the services of one who has at all times commanded the respect and esteem of not only each and every member of the Society and of the Board of Directors, but also of the community in which we live, and one who by his influence has contributed in no small degree to the advancement of the Society, to the high position it now occupies both at home and abroad.

*Resolved*, That we part with him with great reluctance, but in the belief that his future course will be in full sympathy with all our movements toward a still higher and better artistic position than that which we now occupy; and this Society will ever cherish the name of J. Baxter Upham among its most valued friends and supporters.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Society, and that a copy of the same be presented to the retiring officer.

Several of the newly elected officers were called upon to make speeches. Mr. Barnes addressed the Society at some length in regard to its future.

**THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1871-72** promises to be of great brilliancy. To the usual entertainment furnished at the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association and the oratorios of the Handel and Haydn Society will be added the extraordinary attractions of at least two fine opera companies. Mme. Parepa-Ross will open in English operas at the New York Academy of Music on the 2d of October and will play an engagement of three weeks. The date of her first operatic appearance in Boston is as yet uncertain, but it is announced that she will give concerts in the Music Hall during the holiday week. Strakosch's Italian opera company, with Mlle. Nilsson and M. James as its principal artists, will open in New York on the 23d of October, and in Boston, probably, on the 1st of January. The "Dolby English Ballad Troupe," consisting of Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Paley, Mr. Cummings the tenor, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, pianist, will give ballad concerts in the Music Hall during the third and fourth weeks of October, and will sing, it is said, with the Handel and Haydn Society in oratorio.

Besides all these things, Mr. Peck has an extremely interesting project on foot, the details of which will be given more minutely hereafter. He proposes to give a course of ten popular concerts of which two are to be orchestral, at which the best music will be furnished at a moderate price. To insure the success of the enterprise a large subscription list must be first filled out, and books are now open for that purpose at the Music Hall, the price of tickets for the whole series being set at four dollars. At these concerts Miss Kellogg, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, Mrs. West, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Packard, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Barnabee, the Temple Quartette, Mr. Perabo, Mr. Thayer and Mr. Dow will take part.

To the above (which we find in the *Daily Advertiser*) we may add, that we have positive assurance that Mme. Rudersdorff has determined to return to Boston in season for the Christmas Oratorios, and pass the winter in this country.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—An excellent beginning has been made by the Germania Band and Orchestra,—in business partnership with Mr. PECK, the superintendent of the Music Hall, who knows so well how such things should be managed,—to supply in part a great desideratum of our summer months. That is to say, some frequent opportunities of hearing good orchestral music, with a liberal admixture of the best quality of music light and popular, and at cheap prices. The first experiment, on Friday evening of last week, took the form of a "Promenade Concert." The seats of the floor of the Music Hall had been removed, so that those who chose could walk about (or dance upon occasion), and the quiet ones could sit in the balconies and listen and enjoy the cheerful picture Mr. EICHLER's nice little orchestra of 25 upon the stage. performed such pleasantly mingled and choice strains as: "Inauguration" March by Strauss; Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Die Felsenmühle*; a cleverly contrived potpourri from "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz, a Polka Mazourka and Galop, &c. The band, for the number, was excellent, and all went gracefully and with spirit. There were also skillful Solos, on the Cornet by Mr. KALTENBORN, and on the flute by Mr. GOEHRING, which were highly relished. The invitations of the Waltz and Polka were readily enough accepted, and pretty children, youths and maidens, even some almost venerable seniors, whirled around in couples, covering the floor, for a few minutes, very picturesquely. The aspect of it all was cheerful, orderly, respectable, and indeed refined. The company was large, and everybody voted it a success. The second came off last evening.

There will be more. We trust they will become much more frequent through the summer, and that their character will be varied by a certain proportion of *sit-down* concerts, where those who thirst for higher music and find none in Summer, may have a chance to hear some. We trust, too, that the support given to these concerts will be so liberal as to warrant a fuller complement of violins, &c., in the orchestra.

[The above was in type for our last issue, but crowded out. We can only add that these concerts have gone on since, once a week, proving themselves more and more attractive and entirely unexpected.]

[Continued from page 53.]

Olives," distinguished and unrivaled as the grand classic oratorio of the world. The speaker spoke briefly of Beethoven's life and genius, naming him the Dame of music. He spoke last of Mendelssohn and his oratorio of St. Paul, which, he said, becomes more beautiful as men hear and see it more. It may not be so grand as his later oratorio of "Elijah," but the magic word beauty is written on nearly every page of the score. Mendelssohn is the charming, the beloved Tasso of music. Beautiful in his person, in the tone and feeling of his heart, in his affection for his sister, in his culture, in his amanities toward his fellows, in his transcendent works, in his home life and art life, he was the perfect artist. His name shall live while music holds her sway. Mr. Nason discussed the question of musical composition in America, and at the close of his essay, on motion of General H. K. Oliver, a vote of thanks was passed to him.

Miss Hattie E. Safford then sang a selection of Mendelssohn's music, with piano accompaniment.

The meeting was continued for about an hour after the reading of the essay. The discussion, which was of a somewhat informal character, turned upon the subject of choral societies. Mr. Carl Zerrahn made an able speech upon the subject, and General Oliver gave the history of the Salem society. The history of the Lynn society was also given, and several interesting addresses were made.

#### EVENING CONCERT.

A concert was given in the evening before a large and very appreciative audience. The chorus was somewhat larger than on Tuesday afternoon, and much better balanced. It was made up from the Boston Chorus, the Boston Choral Union, the Chelsea Choral Society and the Newton Musical Association. The choral music, of which there were five selections, was sung in a style which could hardly have been improved if the chorus had been of an integral and not of a composite character. There was no orchestra, and the choral selections were sung simply with piano accompaniment. The music given so varied from the printed programme that the latter was of but little service in the hands of the listener. The concert opened with the chorus, "Sleepers, wake," from "St. Paul," Mendelssohn, which was number four on the programme. This was followed by Enkhausen's Postilium in F, for organ, trumpet, trombones and tympani, which was performed by Messrs. Torrington, Arbuckle, Brückner, Regestein, Saul and Stoehr. The song, "Lo, here the gentle lark," against which the name of Mrs. H. M. Smith was placed, was sung in her absence by Miss Lizzie M. Gates. The quintet in B flat, op. 87, Mendelssohn, was given by the Quintette Club, over which the audience was enthusiastic and disposed to encore. The choral, "To God on high," from "St. Paul," and was also encored.

Nothing during the evening pleased the audience more than the flute solo by Mr. Heindl of the Quintette Club, which was introduced in place of a pianoforte solo on the programme, and the player was enthusiastically applauded. The other pieces given were the duet "Cheerfulness," by Miss Gates and Miss Safford; chorus "And the glory of the Lord" from the "Messiah"; chorus, "He, watching over Israel" from "Elijah"; "Slumber Song," by Miss Safford, and final chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work" from the "Creation."

#### THIRD AND LAST DAY.

[From the Transcript].

The third day's proceedings were opened in a business meeting in Bumstead Hall at ten o'clock this forenoon, Mr. L. H. Southard, the President in the chair.

On motion, the following named gentlemen were elected life members: L. F. Snow and R. W. Husted of Boston, W. E. Sheldon of Waltham.

The next in order was the reading of an Essay on Mendelssohn, by Rev. W. L. Gage, and it was decided to adjourn to Music Hall in order to give a large audience the benefit of the reading.

Mr. Gage began by saying that his acquaintance with the character and talents of Mendelssohn was rather with the man than the musician. The publication of the two volumes of Mendelssohn's letters within the last two years had made his name seem nearer and dearer to every noble and high-minded man and woman, and more than anything else given an insight, as it were, into the inner life of the man.

The speaker had recently travelled in Germany, and everywhere he had found evidence of the profound respect and love in which the memory of the great musician is held, not alone for his genius but for his virtues as a man. He had in him a large element of solid common sense. His life was almost without spot or blemish. His faults were that he was morbidly sensitive or neglectful, —what the Americans call "thin-skinned," and being brought up almost from youth in an atmosphere of adulation, this at times made him appear morose and resentful when he thought he was not properly appreciated. Berlin, during the latter part of his life, was distasteful to him, because at some period he had suffered some real or supposed lack of appreciation there.

He was of an excitable, restless temperament, which kept him continually at work, and but for this continual strain on his system by his almost constant employment, he might, perhaps, have lived to a good old age instead of dying at the age

of thirty-nine. He left a great name, but his fame is secondary to that of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. His oratorios and symphonies will always rank high in the musical world.

That he led a pure and blameless life does not establish his musical genius, but it establishes his character as a man, and his power as a musician will never be disputed.

He enjoyed the advantage of possessing an independence, so he had only his own tastes to consult in his musical compositions, and instead of pandering to the licentiousness of the times in which he lived, he produced music of so pure and nobility a character that it will never go out of fashion.

Probably no public man was ever more fully endowed with that subtle essence called magnetism. He inspired every one with whom he was brought in contact with some of his own enthusiasm. He was pleasant and genial in his relations with the artists who were under his baton. Criticism from his lips lost its sting; and praise was doubled by his graceful and kindly expression of it.

In other things as well as music, Mendelssohn excelled. In the Greek language he was very proficient; he was an artist of no mean order, and was at home in all the sciences.

If sculpture, and painting, and poetry can train the mind up to a sense of beauty, a character so statuesque and grand in purity must make man higher and nobler.

The speaker once suggested that the two volumes of Mendelssohn's letters be published by the American Tract Society, and distributed, as embodying the highest ideals of pure and noble manhood, but the project was regarded as visionary.

In his music Mendelssohn had no tolerance for that species of legerdemain in fingering, and the rush and the frenzy of the Thalberg school, and happily our leading musicians are now gradually becoming of the same opinion.

He was a believer in the Christian religion, living in it and dying in it. If there is one man for whom we can feel assured of a happy immortality, it is Felix Mendelssohn—happy in his life, happy in his immortality.

Mr. Gage was listened to with great attention and was frequently applauded. At the close of the essay the members of the Business Committee again met in Bumstead Hall.

Mr. W. E. Sheldon of the Committee on Finance was called upon to report. He said that some means must be adopted to raise funds for the necessary expenses of this and future Congresses. He recommended that an effort be made to secure as many life members as possible at this session. He thought there should be at least one thousand life members secured. Those who did not wish the life membership could become annual members on the payment of one dollar.

It was moved and carried that Mr. Sheldon be appointed a committee to represent this matter to the members of the Congress this afternoon at the close of the concert.

Mr. Sheldon declined on the ground that he was unused to appearing in public on the stage.

The President thought he would never have a better opportunity, and refused to excuse him.

Mr. J. E. Barrett of Hartford opened the discussion on "Church Music." He thought the subject worthy of profound deliberation. He would, if possible, have an organ in every church and an effective choir, not to take the place of, but to lead the congregational singing. There were in our hymn-books many pieces which could be fitly rendered; therefore there should be a good understanding between the pastor and his choir-leader. His experience had taught him that those pastors were most successful who had treated the leaders of their choirs as co-workers with them and extended to them the right hand of Christian fellowship.

Rev. E. Wentworth said that in the consideration of church music it is of the first importance that we should understand its scope. We do not want anything grand and majestic for church music, but simply lyrical music, such as may be learned and appreciated by all. As the popular taste becomes elevated to a higher standard let it be gradually improved.

Mr. L. O. Emerson considered music as one of the noblest gifts of God to man. He believed the time would come when not only music would be taught universally in the common schools throughout the country, but when music of the highest order would be understood and appreciated by the common people.

Rev. J. H. Wiggin, of Medfield, had had congregational singing in his church for twelve years, under the leadership of an efficient musician. He characterized a large portion of the music which appeared in our music books for church use as wooden, and some of the hymns were no more capable of being sung than would be a financial statement from a newspaper, or one of Andrew Johnson's speeches.

Rev. Mr. Patrick of West Newton took the same view of the case as the preceding speaker. He said when any one wished to make money on a new music book he would sit down and grind out about tunes enough to fill it, and if there was a good one got in amongst them it was by mistake.

Rev. Mr. Spaulding was in favor of congregational singing. He began life at "the other end of the ship," as an alto singer when he was a boy, and knew some of the perplexities of both pastor and choir leader. He believed the day was coming when we might be styled a musical people, but it would be when the present generation of children come on to the stage.

[Conclusion next time.]

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Souvenir de London. *Campana.*  
No. 7. She deceived me. (*M'inganno*). 3. A to e. 40

" 8. The Tomb. (*La Tomba*). 4. Cb to f. 40  
Of the same excellent set before mentioned, translated by the Messrs. Perkins. The key of the last need not frighten any singer, as to the singer it appears the same as the key of C natural, and is therefore easy. The song reminds one, a little, of Beethoven's "Adelaide."

Chiming Bells of Long ago. *Song and Chorus.*  
3. D to f. *C. F. Shattuck.* 40

Fine lithographic title, and equally fine chorus.  
Has a pretty chiming accompaniment, and is attractive every way.

I'm little, but I'm good. 2. D to e. *R. H. Haig.* 30  
Comic, with a "dance in it."

The Man O'Airlee. 2. C to f. *30*  
Record this among the "first class" Scotch songs.  
"And up and down, and round and round  
And o'er the whole world fairly  
You might have searched, but never found,  
Another Man O'Airlee."

Nell, the Village Pride. *Song and Cho.* 3. A to f. *G. F. Morris.* 35  
Pleasing, and in popular style.

#### Instrumental.

Hurrah Germania. *Potpouri.* 4. *H. Cramer.* 75  
True Germania doesn't hurrah, but cries "Lebe hoch!" or "Juché!" and plays on the "Brass Band."  
But here is a splendid array of a dozen or more stirring melodies, with which one may "hurrah" on the piano or organ to good purpose.

Oberon. *Fant. Brillante.* 4 hds. 4. *Db. Leybach.* 100  
Leybach's popular pieces, of which there are many, are perhaps a trifle above the capacity of common players. The 4 hand arrangement makes this fine piece much easier.

Happy Thoughts. 3 Easy Pieces for little hands.

No. 1. Cantilene. 2. F. *L. Streablog.* 25  
Very sweet and graceful.

Summer Noon. *Lithograph titles.* *C. Faust.* 40  
No. 3. Galop. 3. G.  
"Galop" like and brilliant.

Ninth Regiment Quickstep. 3. C. *D.L. Downing.* 1.00  
Fine view of Col. Fish on the title, with mountains, Bristol Line steamer and Erie R. R. train in the background. Bright, wide awake quickstep.

Sleepy Hollow Mazurka. 3. G. *J. M. Deems.* 35  
A delicate and sweet composition.

Dundurn. *Galop Brillante.* 3. C. *G. F. de Vinc.* 35  
Pretty and good for learners.

A Song of the Morning. (*Morgenlied*). 4. D. *J. W. Harmston.* 40  
A "Song without words," interpreting with success the emotions of a poet or musician who awaits the coming of the morning.

Lord Lorne Galop. 3. G. *Dan Godfrey.* 30  
Brilliant and varied.

Deep Rock Spring Galop. 3. D. *Palst.* 40  
A great deal of "spring" to the galop, which the visitors at Deep Rock will no doubt dance merrily in the coming summer evenings.

Golden Stars. Six Easy Dances. *L. Streablog.* 25  
Delightful little airs for beginners, and that is saying a great deal, as it is very difficult to compose interesting simple music. Of the 1st and 2nd degrees of difficulty.

1. Valse. 2. C. 25  
2. Polka. 1. C. 25  
3. Schottisch. 2. F. 25

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 5. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

